

pornographers with black fingernails
sitting in the morning sun
winos soiling the green park grass
with yellow vomit
dirty bars with unswept concrete floors
i like the sight of blood
the feel of a broken jaw under my fist
the smell of shit on my fingers
after i wipe my ass
i like old unwashed women
who grub for cigarettes in gutters
the sweet screams of murder
the ecstasy of steel parting flesh
i like fires, earthquakes, the sinking of ships
the exploding of bombs
i like rape, incest
broad-shouldered whores with callouses on their eyes
ladies who drink piss like warm beer
men who wear bullwhips
looped round their hearts
i like the taste of fear in my throat
clear as moonlight
sweet as a rotten lemon

-- Frank Prosak

Venice CA

lecture

I visited your classroom last night
the students were
as usual
but you
your beard grew more red
your eyes
were candles
your feet seldom
reached the floor
myths flew about the room and
Gilgamesh
passed by the window
as you said
"Poetry is my passion"
and fell back
wheezing.

the front row stirred
a little.